

January 9, 2024

The Honorable Analisa Torres
United States District Judge
Southern District of New York
500 Pearl Street
New York, New York 10007

Dear Judge Torres,

My name is Allison Roesser, and I am John Roesser's ex-wife. We were married for 23 years, and I have known John since I was 22 years old. I believe I am in an excellent position to speak on John's behalf since I probably know him better than anyone else in this world.

I would like to start by saying that John is one of the most decent, kind, and caring humans I have ever known. If there was one word to describe John it would without a doubt be "selfless." Every moment of every single day all John has ever done is look after, and take care of, his family. If you are lucky enough to be a part of John's life, you have a friend and a confidante forever. There is no one in this world that I trust and rely on more than John to keep me and our children safe and cared for. I cannot stress strongly enough what a decent person he is and always has been since the day I met him.

The irony for me of this whole situation is truly that John has always been the most law abiding and rule following person I know. There was no gray area for him. There was right and there was wrong, and John has always done what he believed was the right thing to do. I cannot stress enough that what he did is 1000 percent not indicative of who John is. He has spent his life **ALWAYS** trying to do good and do right.

John is the youngest of four sons and the only one who stepped up to take on the caring of his parents when they were no longer able to do so. Whether it financial or emotional support, he was the one they came to for every single need that they had. John even moved his mother into his home when she was no longer able to look after herself and burned down her house after her husband passed away (and between us she is not an easy person to deal with). He tended to her well-being and health on top of all his other responsibilities.

My favorite and funniest example of John is when my animal shelter advocacy non-profit was doing fundraising and I wanted to make t-shirts that said "Gimme Shelter Dogs" and "Gimme Shelter Cats". John was so concerned that we would be infringing on the Rolling Stones' trademark by using their song title. Like I said, there was no black or white. There was what was right and what was wrong and even something as small as this, he wanted to do what was right. His constant following of the straight and narrow path often caused disputes between us.

These last few years are absolutely not a reflection of the life of service John has given to his community, his clients, his friends or his family. John would never intentionally do anything that would cause harm or stress to the people he loves or serves. In fact, I am quite positive that is the reason behind his recent actions and that they were a continuation of him making sure we

were all protected. We all relied, and still do rely on, John, as both a husband and a father, to make everything safe for us, and he always did. Not only did John work beyond long hours, but he was also the most active and involved father I have ever known. He is the rock of this family; the emotional support for all of us. If any of us ever had a problem, friends and family alike, John was the first person we all went to for help and advice. Even as his ex-wife, this still remains true. He is a family man through and through. Every moment he wasn't working he was with the family. He would come home before the kids went to bed, and then afterwards, would stay up until 1, 2 or 3 in the morning working. Going to the movies, going bowling, doing projects around the house. He was always present, active and involved in just being together and being a family. Despite his serious health, work and financial issues, I never once heard John complain and pass the burden on to us. He is by nature a problem solver and protector and I honestly believe he thought he was finding the best solution to an insurmountable situation that had spiraled out of control. When the house went into foreclosure, John was not even living in the home. I was the one who offered to declare bankruptcy and he looked at me and said, "you've been through enough. Let me do this for you." It was just another example of John's selfless nature.

I am absolutely begging you to allow John to serve whatever you believe is justified at home so he can continue caring for the children, especially our 14-year-old daughter D█████

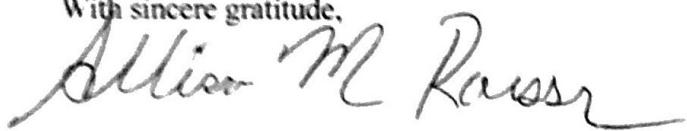
Although John and I are still living together, I am away from the home a large portion of the week. Every day, John gets up at 7 a.m. to drive D█████ to school; in the afternoon, he takes care of the house, making sure D█████ has a nice environment to come home to; and at 4 p.m., he leaves to pick her up. He drives her to her activities and friends' houses, and he attends all her extracurricular events. But most importantly, he is her confidant and her emotional support. D█████ over the past few years, has been through so much, mean girls at school, ██████ health issues and with John's help and guidance D█████ is absolutely flourishing beyond words right now. John has been by her side every step of the way. He has given her a confidence she lacked for so many years. With him, she is a happier person. If he were to leave the house, I am without a doubt certain this is not something she will be able to handle or ever move forward from. John barely leaves the house as it is and dedicates his days to D█████ wellbeing. She needs him more than I can begin to stress. Moreover, her anxiety about his health issues will just tear her apart if he were to leave. Please do not take him away from her.

John is remorseful every minute of every day and I know he would do anything to take back his bad decisions and will spend the rest of his life making amends for everything he has done wrong.

I am asking from the bottom of my heart, please do not judge this decent man by mistakes made during the lowest point of his life. Please make your decision on who he is as a whole person and take into account how much good he has done and continues to do.

I am happy to speak to you at any time should you have any further questions and I thank you for taking the time to read this and for your consideration.

With sincere gratitude,



Allison Roesser

January 9, 2024

The Honorable Analisa Torres
United States District Judge
Southern District of New York
500 Pearl Street
New York, New York 10007

Dear Judge Torres,

I'm not sure how to start this letter but to say what I know is unequivocally true. My father is—and has always been—the most important person in my life. He is the first person I tell good news to, and the first person I seek advice from when things are rough. I have had my fair share of troubles in my first 21 years, but the one thing I know for sure is that my father will always be in my corner supporting me no matter what. In his time of need, I intend to do the same.

My parents' divorce, my father's health issue, along with other difficult parts of my childhood have been times of great stress and hardship; the thought of having to relive them makes me shudder. However, I know that with my father by my side, there are very few things that are insurmountable.

There are few people I consider more kindhearted and loyal than my dad. He has a certain way about him that draws people in. Whether it be a friend or a man selling something door-to-door, he makes everyone he interacts with feel heard. More than that, my dad genuinely wants to listen. I feel as though my father thinks of himself as inferior to none but superior to none. He would never look down on someone, but he also never feels the need to act differently in different groups. This is one of the things I admire most about him. He is comfortable. Comfortable in any situation and never feels the need to alter who he is. It almost feels sometimes like the world was made for him.

Beyond that, I think my father's true purpose in life is to be just that—a father. I cannot imagine someone who truly was born to be a dad like he was. There has never, in my entire life, been a doubt in my mind that my dad would put any of his kids before himself. He loves me and my siblings very much, and none of us have ever questioned it. From that deep love, however, have come some problems—problems that any other parent I know would not have put up with. Yet, that's my dad: his kids come first, and he is often left as the afterthought.





Beyond that, my siblings and I have a great attachment to my dad. Yes, he is my father, but I consider him my best friend. I know D█ feels the same, and the thought of her having to live without her best friend is tragic.

I know there are many times when my father wanted to—and I think he should have—done the easy thing. █

█ But that is just not my dad. He would never do that.

█ I will not go a day, for the rest of my life, without thinking about the sacrifices he made for us.

Beyond life at home, my father celebrated his success in his law career. However, I know that maintaining his integrity, honesty, and doing the right thing was vastly more important to him. He has made mistakes, and I know he regrets them very deeply. For the first time, he lost sight of the right thing, and the guilt has and will continue to haunt him.

Regardless of his mistakes, I know that he is the most selfless, strong-willed, and amazing person I will ever have the honor to know. Everything he has done has been for me and my siblings, and he will always put his kids before anything else in his life. I love my father and will continue to stand by his side—as he has done for me—for as long as I live.

Respectfully submitted,

John Duncan Roesser



A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "John Duncan Roesser Jr.". The signature is fluid and cursive, with "John" and "Duncan" on the first line and "Roesser Jr." on the second line. A curved line connects the "J" in "John" to the "J" in "Jr.", and another curved line connects the "R" in "Duncan" to the "R" in "Roesser".

Abigail Roesser

January 10, 2024

The Honorable Analisa Torres
United States District Judge
Southern District of New York
500 Pearl Street
New York, New York 10007

Dear Judge Torres,

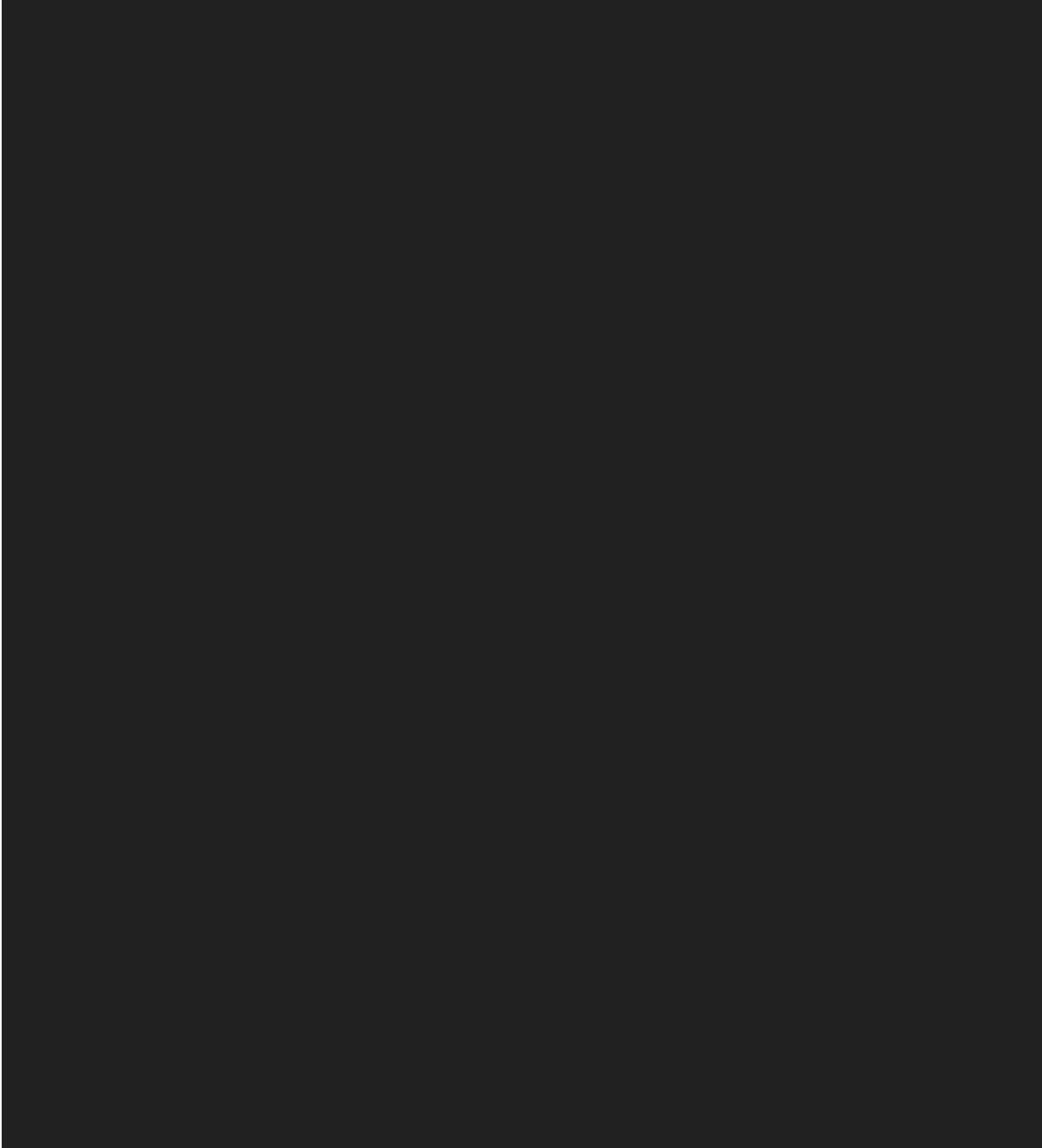
My name is Abigail Roesser, and I am 26 years old. I am writing regarding the sentencing of my dad, John Roesser. I am hoping to share insight into the man that my family knows and loves. At the outset, I want to state that I am aware of the crime that he committed and the need for a punishment.

My father is a caring, selfless, and empathetic man. He's loyal and reliable, always putting the needs of others before his own. Whenever anyone faces difficulties, they know they can go to him for help and advice. He has always been the central parental figure in our lives. Everything he does in his life is for us. He spends countless hours talking to us; whether I am having an issue with which I need help or I just want to blab to him, he is always there.

Growing up, he was the one who helped us with schoolwork, did our laundry, and cooked our favorite meals. He plans every holiday and does everything he can to create a happy and calm home for us. And he did this even when he had a demanding legal career. He is the father who would stay awake until we got home when we went out in high school. He is the father who plays board games with us, loves to take us to the movies, or go for walks. He never makes us feel like a burden, but rather a gift. Being a father is the role he was meant to fill.

My father spent years being the primary care giver and financial provider for my grandparents. To this day my grandmother "hopes to pay him back everything one day," something that he never expected. Despite my father having three older brothers, everything with my grandparents has fallen on him. And this is something he never complains about. His strong sense of family has allowed me and my siblings to have a deep bond with our grandparents. As my grandad developed Alzheimer's, it was my father who was called upon to make his decisions and provide support for my grandmother. He received countless phone calls about my grandad in the final months of his life. My dad would get on the phone with to keep him calm. In 2020, my grandmother burned down her house. She had been living alone since my grandad passed and my dad repeatedly attempted to get her to come stay with us. When she burned her house, there wasn't a doubt in his mind that she and her dogs would live with us.

My grandmother was recently diagnosed with breast cancer. With her worsening dementia, my father is her health care proxy and makes the decisions about her care. He takes her to her appointments and manages her treatment. He has spent hours doing research, talking to doctors that he knows, agonizing over her treatment. None of his brothers are involved in her care. Despite the difficulty of seeing a second parent go through dementia and cancer, he hopes to make her happy and help her enjoy the good in life.





My fathers' diagnosis with [REDACTED] greatly impacted our lives. It causes an immense amount of anxiety for us. He doesn't live in fear for himself; he fears what will happen to us. I have moments when I don't hear from him right away and think, what if I never see him again? If a text goes unanswered, it is all hands-on-deck, trying to figure out if he is ok.

[REDACTED]
we live with constant fear. Even the day that the FBI took my dad into custody, when my dad called, D [REDACTED] asked, [REDACTED]. When he returned, and tearfully told D [REDACTED] he was sorry for what he had done, her greatest concern, she told him, was that he felt ok. I don't write this to belittle what he has done, but rather as an example of her mindset and her fears.

Taking my dad away from us would have a profound impact on all of us, but particularly D [REDACTED]. She is especially attached to my father, and he is the only person that can help her through her moments [REDACTED]. Whenever she needs emotional support, he is the person she goes to.

[REDACTED] He tells her

that [REDACTED] she should close her eyes, breathe deeply and imagine she is in her favorite place. Without his presence, I worry immensely about D[REDACTED]. It would break my heart to think that she wouldn't have a parent around that she can count on.

[REDACTED] my dad gets up every morning and drives her. He enjoys the time chatting with her or listening to the news or music with her. And when it hits 4 p.m., he picks her up. He bakes with D[REDACTED]. He helps her with her schoolwork. He talks to her about issues she is having with her friends. He goes to all of her games. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] But it is not just about finding a replacement for D[REDACTED] caregiver. More important is the bond between my dad and D[REDACTED] and all that he does for her, the strides that she has made with his love and gentle support, the blow it would be to her to lose him, and the debilitating anxiety she would experience in his absence.

I know my father deserves punishment for his actions, but I am asking you to please consider my sister's mental and emotional state when deciding his punishment. My father has taken responsibility with us for what he has done. He has said there is no excuse and that he deserves what he gets. What makes my dad the most emotional is that he did this knowing how essential he is to D[REDACTED] life. He did some bad things, but he has been a good dad and I hope that he can be punished in a way that does not remove him from D[REDACTED] day-to-day life. I don't excuse what he has done. But I hope this letter gives you some context. This is a man who for 26 years had to keep it all together, otherwise it would have come crumbling down. I often worried about him. I worried he had no one to talk to. And then he was diagnosed with an [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Then he lost his job. It just kept piling on. And the coping mechanisms that he developed over the prior 26 years [REDACTED]—suffering in silence, figuring it out on his own, etc.—kicked in even more. [REDACTED]

During this difficult situation, I have seen a lot of personal growth in my father. He has shown profound remorse and humiliation. It has strengthened our relationship and his ability to rely on others, something he did not feel safe doing before. He no longer feels like he has to have the entire world on his shoulders. He talks to me and comes to me for help. He knows the better option is to share with us because we can help him get through anything.

[REDACTED] I am eternally grateful to have John Roesser as my father, even in this current situation. He never let us feel neglected, he is the calming force in our lives, [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] It shows you the impact that one really good dad can have on your life.

Thank you for your time and consideration.

Respectfully,

Abigail Roesser

Abigail Roesser

Malcolm Roesser

January 1, 2024

The Honorable Analisa Torres
United States District Judge
Southern District of New York
500 Pearl Street
New York, New York 10007

Re: John D. Roesser

Dear Judge Torres,

My name is Malcolm Roesser, and I am happy to write on behalf of my father, John Roesser. I consider my father not only a parent, but one of my best friends and someone I have always been very close with.

Since the day John Roesser became a husband and father, he became the main support structure for his family; financially, emotionally, morally, academically. Despite having worked in an extremely demanding and time-consuming profession--with my mother staying at home full-time--my father was the main parent in my and my siblings' lives. In addition to his wife and children, my father also helped support and provide for his elderly parents, even though he is the youngest of four siblings. When my grandparents faced hard times, he made sure they were able to stay afloat, just as he has done for us for so many years.

Although he has been a pillar to so many, my father had nobody filling the same role for him. When he was diagnosed with [REDACTED] in 2015, it was barely discussed around the house [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] I often found myself driving him to doctor's appointments during high school when he was unable to drive himself. When my parents decided to get divorced in 2017, his two oldest children, my sister and myself, were mostly absent, and his mother spent most of her time and energy caring for his father, who was suffering from severe dementia at the time.

His diagnosis and divorce took a lot out of him, as it would of anyone, and the unfortunate circumstances surrounding the end of career only magnified the stress that he was forced to deal with alone. Nonetheless, through it all, he continued to support us all through whatever difficulties we faced and serve as D [REDACTED] main parent.

Since the divorce in 2017, his role in D [REDACTED] life, who was only seven at the time, has continued to grow. As he spent less time in the office, his time spent caring for D [REDACTED] grew in kind [REDACTED]

D [REDACTED] is 14 years old and is only halfway through her freshman year of high school. Knowing her and seeing how much of an impact my father's presence makes on her daily life and happiness, I know that his absence would be damaging to her emotional state and adolescent development. As D [REDACTED] has grown and with my father's support, D [REDACTED] excels in every facet of life, whether it be academically, athletically, or simply being kind to those around her. We have my father to thank for a lot of that, just as I attribute a significant portion of the success I've had academically, athletically as a collegiate rower, and professionally to him.

For over five decades, my father has been the embodiment of a principled, moral member of society and his community. He faced a combination of very unfortunate circumstances, and made bad decisions, decisions he takes full responsibility for and has accepted the consequences of. I am disappointed in my father for his actions, not just because of what he did, but because he demonstrated such integrity for so many years, and I know this does not reflect who he truly is as a man.

He has faced shame because of his actions, but our family will continue to stand by his side because of every other decision and action he has taken throughout his life to show us what being an honorable man, father, husband, son, and professional means. Throughout the difficult circumstances he and our family have faced over the past seven years, we found a silver lining in that we were all able to spend more time with our father, and we can only hope that his values have and will continue to influence us as we forge own paths. I only hope that he is able to have the same impact on D [REDACTED] as he has had on Abigail, Duncan, myself, and so many others.

Sincerely,



Malcolm Roesser

Jean Lennon

[REDACTED]

January 10, 2024

The Honorable Analisa Torres
United States District Judge
Southern District of New York
500 Pearl Street
New York, New York 10007

Dear Judge Torres,

I am writing on behalf of John Roesser, someone I have known for several decades, both as his girlfriend of four years and then as a close confidante. That his life has come to this moment is a shock to us all and is incontrovertible evidence of the enormity of the pressures and circumstances under which he has been living, and increasingly so in recent years.

I was born and raised in Bronxville, where John has lived during his married life and afterwards. After attending Connecticut College, I lived in Washington, DC for seven years, pursuing my PhD in developmental psychology at The George Washington University. I then moved to North Carolina for my husband's job and lived there for 23 years, where I raised my two children. I have been divorced since 2013. I have worked at RTI International, a federal contracting research firm, for close to 24 years, where I specialize in conducting large-scale data collections related to education. Earlier this year, I moved to my new home in Connecticut.

John and I met in the first days of college in the fall of 1988, when he was 17 and I was 18. In the crowd of new faces freshman year, John stood head and shoulders above the rest, not just literally, but in how he conducted himself. Though naturally introverted, John was determined to meet as many people as he could to become involved and build a life at his new school. He was engaged, outgoing, funny, intelligent, hard-working, passionate, principled, interested in other people, warm, serious and fun. I had never met someone my age who was so self-possessed and mature, while also the life of the party. I am not easily impressed, but John Roesser got my attention.

We dated throughout college. John was a gentleman and a romantic. He never missed marking a special occasion with gifts, dinner out, or a little trip somewhere near campus. He assumed my problems and goals as his own, analyzing things down to the minutest detail and always willing to spend as much time listening as I needed. In fact, he was the sounding board for all of our friends. Whether we were puzzling out a challenging assignment or an ethical dilemma, we all wanted John to weigh in. He and I took many of the same classes and spent endless hours discussing forms of government, religion, the law, current events, great works of literature, etc. Because of John, I had the

courage to run for student government which provided some of my most satisfying and formative college experiences.

That John would pursue the study of law was a given. It was a natural extension of how his mind works: logical to a fault, a no-excuses commitment to what is right, the pursuit of deeper understanding through argument, intellectually curious, and fascinated by the history of ideas. The climb to the top, however, was going to be a little harder coming from our small off-the-map college. He applied to a number of schools, but even with his outstanding LSAT scores and faculty endorsements, he was not admitted to the best of the best law schools. John just understood this would mean he would have to work harder still. His work ethic served him well, and over the years immediately following law school, John was offered positions at increasingly prestigious firms, where he felt privileged to be working on some of the biggest cases of the day.

John and I broke up about a year after college graduation. We stayed in touch through our 20s and 30s, periodically catching up with long conversations about our careers, marriages, and most of all, children. John keeps difficult things private, even with one of his oldest friends, because he does not believe in self-pity. He is so loath to appear self-pitying that he almost always fails to seek support. In fact, he conceals the weight of his burdens so effectively that those around him make the mistake of adding to them with their own needs and worries.

Still, the signs of John's difficulties emerged. Over the years, he confided in me about his marriage, the difficulties, what he was trying to do to make it better. But in his mind, there was no point in dwelling on all of it. He would never risk losing custody of his children, and more importantly, hamper his ability to protect his children.

As we entered our 40s, John became more and more withdrawn. He declined social invitations from colleagues, stopped going to the gym, and pursued no activities of his own, prioritizing the urgent need to rush home each night for his children. I rarely saw that spark in his eye anymore; his zest for life was dimmed. At this time, for him, divorce was not an option; he felt full responsibility for his children's well-being and his suffering simply could not be part of the equation.

Only once he got his [REDACTED] diagnosis in 2015 did things finally shift. I was one of the first to know as John called about finding an expert in [REDACTED] (my mother [REDACTED] could point him in the direction of an expert). In his typical way, John was stoic, and it took me a few minutes to understand the terrible news he was giving me. He didn't want to burden his younger children and there wasn't much, if any support coming from elsewhere. He went to his appointments alone, he dealt with his fears alone, and he focused on securing enough life insurance to make sure that his children would be taken care of. Finally, after two decades of misery, he and his wife gave up and pursued divorce.

Even being divorced did not provide John with more than minimal shelter from the storm. He continued to live under the same roof as his ex-wife and rarely left the house

by himself, except to run errands for D█ or buy the groceries. Many times, I suggested things we could do, but he was terrified of being gone for more than a walk around the neighborhood. He was like a man walking on broken glass. He had no expectation of relief, but this was the only way he could find where he was fully present for his children. In the 6-7 years since his separation, John has not gone out for the evening, unless it is with his children. He has never so much as taken a single weekend away, the exception being our 25th college reunion weekend in 2017. At this point, John had been living in the other half of the house for about six months. Soon after we left for our drive to the reunion, he received a call from Abigail about an altercation between Abigail and her mother. I watched John shaking and pale, as he paced outside the car at the gas station where we had pulled over. He was alternately on the phone with Abigail, then Duncan, then the police, talking through what to do. We quickly turned around and drove back in tense silence.

So much of what he has suffered has been for the sake of D█ Though I have spent little time with them in person, John has spent countless hours talking about all of his children, so I feel I know them well, best of all D█ I only finally met her about two years ago, when she was 12. Not many people can meet the expectations of someone who has heard their praises for twelve years. And knowing so much of what John had and was still sacrificing for her sake, I hardly expected to find how well I understood his decisions when I met D█ She is a rare delight at an age when kids are notoriously obnoxious, disrespectful, and entitled. She is quiet in new company, but well-spoken when addressed, bright, determined, and also a gentle soul. John has encouraged her academically and socially, and been vital in helping her expand her extracurricular interests, such as sports and student government. John is both protective of her as the youngest and tenderest in temperament with her, but he also challenges her in ways that will give this young woman the strength she needs to go forward. As painful as it has been to witness John's life, I do have a greater degree of understanding of him now.

When John's financial troubles began, he would still readily talk on the phone, but started to avoid meeting me in person when I was in town. For several years, we had been meeting at the local diner to catch up over a morning plate of pancakes. After a year or so of John's apparent unavailability, I confronted him and he was forced to confess that he just couldn't bear to have me pay our tab. During this time, John also sold as many of his personal belongings as he could find buyers for, including a pair of cufflinks his parents had given him for his 21st birthday. They brought only a couple of hundred dollars, which was nothing compared to what it meant to him, but he would have given up anything for the family.

When Abigail called me that morning last March to say John had been taken away by the FBI, I had to sit down. I just knew there was an error, and perhaps close friends default to that conclusion most of the time. I'm not sure how to convincingly say this, given his guilty plea, but there is not one person I would have less expected to be in this situation. John is the most tediously careful man I've ever met. My experience over the last 36 years is that John will not rest in examining a proposed plan of action until he

has found the risk in it. That he has made such errors in judgment is revealing what he had hidden. I can see now that while he kept putting one foot in front of the other, wearing shoes with literal holes in them by 2023, inside he was a wreck. His guilt over his circumstances, his well-founded fear that he might die without warning at any moment, and the toxic wear and tear of his daily life was overwhelming. All of us now have the uphill battle of convincing John to grant himself some level of grace and forgiveness for losing his grip after holding things together for so long.

Since that day in March, John has taken responsibility, he is humiliated, and I know that he is working to keep less inside, to turn to others for help. Most importantly, now that this has happened, between his few close friends and his family, he has a support structure that will help and allow him to continue to grow.

I know it is difficult to judge a man's character based on a handful of letters. I will just conclude by saying John Roesser has demonstrated the highest levels of integrity, self-sacrifice, and dedication to his children of any I have known.

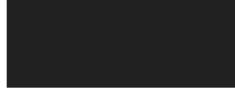
If there is anything I may clarify or add, please contact me without hesitation.

Sincerely,



Jean Lennon

Amy Mass



January 9, 2024

The Honorable Analisa Torres
United States District Judge
Southern District of New York
500 Pearl Street
New York, New York 10007

Dear Judge Torres:

I am writing to share my perspective and experience with John D. Roesser in the time that I have known him – now over 35 years.

I met John during our Freshman year in college, and we had become good friends by the spring of that year. From the outset, it was clear that John was a thoughtful, kind, and devoted person, always thinking about others, perhaps to his own detriment. Though it would have been easy for me to judge John as part of the exclusive, privileged elite that permeated segments of our college community, he quickly demonstrated a very different – and admirable – persona. As we got to know each other, I connected with him over our shared “midwest values,” and I learned that John was genuine, honest, and mature. And his work ethic was beyond reproach.

In college, we took many of the same classes, worked together in student government and had a number of common activities and shared social circles. John was smart and valued education, but more than anything he loved learning, debating, and challenging himself and his friends to become their very best selves. John held himself to the highest of standards, but always with good humor, not competitive mean-spiritedness. He earned respect and friendship from a diverse group of students, and he approached everything with an inclusive spirit, long before “inclusiveness” was heralded as an important quality. It was just who he was. And it is part of what earned him several prestigious awards, including the Camel Award given to a select group of student leaders and, notably, the Margaret Watson Leadership Award given by the Executive Board to just one student government leader for outstanding leadership and performance on behalf of the student body.

Throughout law school, John again excelled, but in spite of the pressures we were each under at our respective schools, he was always there for me when times were tough – which was often. Whether it was the challenges of navigating the post-college years, the academic rigor or just the process of growing up, he was level-headed and mature with advice and friendship.

Post law school, we had periods of being in close touch, and then gaps as we navigated our early career challenges, built our professional resumes, and embarked on relationships, marriages and family. But every time we would reconnect, we picked right up where we left off, and he was still the same true friend and the same generous soul as he always was. Though his career with big firms in New York was competitive and cutthroat, he remained true to his values in ways that I didn't even see in my Midwest, small-city legal community. I was always impressed by his humility and steadfast focus on not just what he accomplished, but *how* he accomplished it with dignity and grace toward others.

As he had children and dedicated himself to his family and work, we didn't always have as much time to talk, but every time we did, the joy and pride he had for his kids was heartwarming. He had a passion for instilling the highest values of hard work, integrity, and generosity in his children. When we had the chance to meet while I was traveling to New York for work, we would talk for hours, but not as much about "the good old days" in college – far more about our lives, health, hopes, and ideas – and most of that, for John, centered around his kids.

His marriage, on the other hand, was taking a toll, and while he remained dedicated to making it work and creating a stable, loving home for his children, he sacrificed greatly – beyond what most people would or should have endured. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] and the ways those patterns were repeating themselves then in his marriage.

Whether it was motivated by pride, fear, love, dedication, or, likely, a combination of those and many other emotions, John tried his best to navigate the extreme complexities of a life that might, on the surface, appear exclusive, privileged and elite. But just as it was with that kid I met in college, there was a lot more beneath the surface, and John struggled with issues far more complicated than any of us really knew.

Yet through it all, his devotion to his children and his unwavering focus on protecting, nurturing, and challenging them to exemplify those core "Midwest values" of hard work, honesty, trust, generosity, and kindness has remained steadfast. He is succeeding beyond measure, and by all accounts, his older children have achieved tremendous educational successes and are thriving in young adulthood. His youngest, D [REDACTED] is on the same path, thanks to John taking on the role of her sole parent and guiding force. Without John's steady influence and loving fatherhood, his children would have had a much different, and likely far more detrimental, experience.

I hadn't talked to John as much over the last couple of years, and when we reconnected and he told me about the last few years, I wasn't sure what to expect. I wondered if he had changed – become someone I would not recognize or who was full of excuses to explain away any behavior that didn't fit. But he didn't. I could hear immediately, in his voice and words, that these experiences have impacted him, and that he has accepted the reality with the humility and accountability that have always defined him. I believe he is doing the hard work to make

needed changes and will continue to navigate an incredibly complex, emotional, and rocky path, with the same integrity and tenacity he has always embodied.

John is a complex human being, with struggles, successes, pain, fear, mistakes, and hope – imperfect just as all of us are. The special difference is that John will work harder than anyone on this earth to right wrongs, raise standards, and get back on course to improve not just his own life but the lives of so many to whom he generously gives of his wisdom and kindness. He will not be defined by what he did, but rather by who he genuinely is and how his character enables him to respond and move forward in the most admirable manner imaginable.

Sincerely,



Amy Mass

January 9, 2024

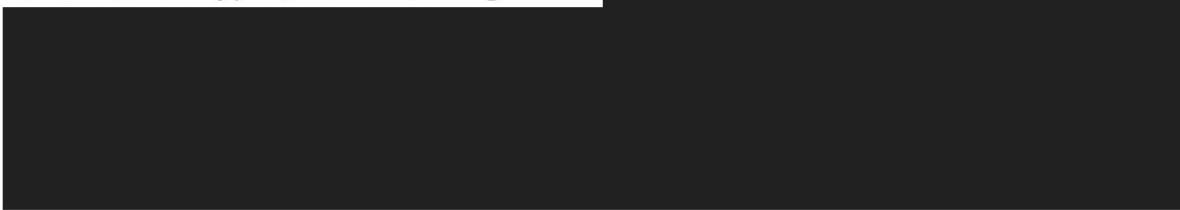
The Honorable Analisa Torres
United States District Judge
Southern District of New York
500 Pearl Street
New York, New York 10007

Dear Judge Torres,

I am writing this letter on behalf of John Roesser. We have known each other for five and a half years, and I am engaged to John's eldest daughter Abigail. Further, I have lived with John for four of these years in the family household. This circumstance arose initially due to the fact that I emigrated from my home country of The United Kingdom to live and work in New York City in December 2019, and subsequently with the onset of the COVID-19 pandemic, this living situation became practical for a longer period than initially planned. This position has clearly offered me as an "outsider" unique insight and perspective into John and the lives of the Roesser family.

I can categorically say that as a dependable and reliable member of the community, John's offense was particularly unexpected. He is extremely knowledgeable, rational, and knows what is right and what is wrong. I have no doubts that this error of judgement was a culmination of the weight and pressure of his life, including a major health issue and a severely troubling and long overdue divorce.

John is extraordinarily dedicated to his four children. They are his life and reason for existence. His youngest two children, aged 21 and 14, remain wholly reliant on John for parenting. This includes day to day essentials, for example, driving to and from school, grocery shopping, keeping the house in shape, but extends far beyond this, in that he is their sole sounding board for emotional support, life advice and guidance.

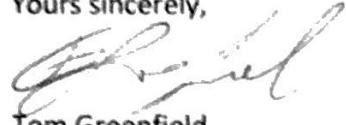


There was an instance where John's younger daughter D [REDACTED] was having a particularly difficult time at school, dealing with bullying incidents. It was John who was actively handling this with D [REDACTED] other schoolgirls' parents and teachers, and driving this scenario to resolution in an accommodating and benevolent manner. Personally, John has been tremendously generous with his time with me, offering career advice, connecting me with interesting people in my field in New York, and giving counsel where I have dealt with certain obstacles in my life. I have been witnessing this compassion every day for four years, and also hearing it firsthand during many

conversations with each of John's children, friends and extended family. This compassion and consideration extends to others around him. I have never seen a single occasion where his needs are prioritized ahead of anybody, and I can attest more than most that he epitomizes the mantra of "what's mine is yours".

I can wholeheartedly confirm that John is a more than a decent person. More importantly, I truly hope that you will offer an opportunity for another chance to John in making your decision, so he can continue to influence and care for his family around him who are in desperate need of this. I would be happy to speak to you at any juncture should you have any questions and thank you for taking the time to read this letter.

Yours sincerely,



Tom Greenfield